Valentine's Day: Don Quixote

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Valentine's Day: Don Quixote

by Bordementions

Summary

Spending valentines with your beloved knightndle

Notes

HIiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii to make up for all the blood and gore and bad stuff I've been posting I've come to deliver some Don/Reader omega super epic fluff with a side of really happy loving smut in the middle and some happy loving totally awesome aftercare for the third chapter.

This was originally going to be ishdon but I'm not the most confident in sinner/sinner and I thought it was too basic of a concept to give to the glorious ishdon.

But uh feel free to give me ishdon suggestions. Cause I do want to do my first sinner/sinner justice

Disc server
https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

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A rapid succession of knocks rattles your door, the force behind them making the wood tremble. Before you can even get a word in, a familiar voice rings out, brimming with excitement.

“Lo and behold! I hath arrived!”

There’s only one person who announces their presence like that. You sigh, already preparing yourself for the inevitable whirlwind that is Don Quixote.

As soon as the sound of it unlocking even fully rings out, the door swings open with dramatic flair, revealing the petite knight-errant herself, her face positively glowing with unbridled enthusiasm. In her arms is an extravagant bouquet of flowers, a wild assortment of colors that seem to have been gathered with more passion than coordination as not a single one of them blends together. Clutched in her other hand is a box, wrapped with meticulous care in glossy paper adorned with Fixer insignias.

You raise an eyebrow. “What’s all this?”

Don gasps, as if personally wounded by your lack of immediate understanding. “Dost mine eyes deceive me? Can it be that thou dost not perceive the significance of this day?”

You blink, glancing between the flowers and the gift. “…Is it Fixer Appreciation Day?”

She lets out a noise so dramatic it might as well have come straight from a tragedy. “Nay, dear companion! ‘Tis a day of grander import! A day where hearts beat as one, where souls intertwine in the divine dance of affection!”

“…Payday?”

Don practically stomps her foot, her hand clutching at her chest as if you had just inflicted a grievous wound upon her. “Fie! ‘Tis Saint

Valentine's Day, mine cherished companion! The day upon which tokens of devotion are exchanged 'twixt hearts most ardent!"

You stare at her for a moment, letting the words sink in. Oh. Oh.

A slow grin spreads across your face. "Ohhh, I see. And you're delivering these on behalf of a secret admirer, then?"

Don freezes, her entire body going rigid. "Wh-what?"

You gesture lazily toward the bouquet. "I mean, surely a gallant Fixer such as yourself has been tasked with ensuring these reach their intended recipient, right?"

"I—! That is to say—! The recipient of mine affections is none other than thee!" she blurts out, cheeks rapidly turning the same shade as her tie.

You feign surprise, placing a hand over your chest. "Me? Oh, Don, I had no idea you felt that way."

Her hands flail slightly before she straightens up, clearing her throat. "Indeed! For there exists not a soul in this wretched world more deserving of mine adoration! Thou art a beacon of brilliance, a muse most divine, and I—"

She stops herself, taking a deep breath before thrusting the bouquet and the box toward you. "Here! A gift most precious, procured at great cost and effort, that thou mightest perceive the depths of mine devotion!"

Curious, you take the package from her hands and peel back the wrapping. Your eyes widen at the sight within.

"Don."

She straightens, practically vibrating with anticipation. "Aye?"

"This is…" You lift the item with reverence, almost afraid to believe it's real. "This is the limited-edition Grass Maiden figure that sold out in under a minute."

"Aye!" she beams. "I battled valiantly in the great marketplace, besting mine rivals with swiftness most divine! None could match my fervor!"

You glance between the figure and her eager face. "Don, this is

ridiculously expensive."

She huffs, puffing out her chest. "A paltry price to pay for the joy of mine most esteemed companion!"

You exhale a laugh, shaking your head. "You really went all out, huh?"

Don shifts from foot to foot, suddenly looking unsure. "Then… dost thou accept mine gift? Or hath I erred most grievously?"

You set the bouquet and the figure aside before stepping closer, tapping a finger lightly against her forehead. "You're ridiculous, you know that?"

She blinks, stunned into silence.

A small chuckle escapes you as you ruffle her hair. "Yeah, Don. I accept."

Her face lights up in pure, unfiltered joy. "Truly? Verily?!"

"Verily," you tease.

A joyous laugh bursts from her, and before you can react, she's wrapped herself around you in a hug so fierce it nearly knocks you off balance. "O happy day! Mine heart doth soar to heights unknown!"

You laugh, patting her back. "Alright, alright, don't squeeze the life out of me."

She pulls back just enough to look at you, eyes sparkling. "Then! Might I humbly request a token in return?"

You tilt your head. "A token?"

Don nods solemnly. "A kiss, perchance?"

You snort. "You don't waste any time, do you?"

She puffs up with exaggerated bravado. "A knight must seize opportunity when it arises!"

Shaking your head, you lean in, placing a quick peck on her forehead. "There. That work for you?"

Don lets out a dreamy sigh, nearly melting on the spot. "Ahhh… 'tis

more than I could have ever dreamt!”

You grin. “Happy Valentine’s, Don.”

She beams. “Happy Valentine’s indeed, mine most beloved companion!”

"But you know you really didn't need to bring me this. Where would you even get the money for such a thing...?"

Don Quixote’s face remained frozen in exaggerated determination, but the pink dusting her cheeks was unmistakable.

“It uh... matters not! Just tell me, doth this gift bring joy to thine heart?”

You tilted your head, well you weren't into Fixers particularly, but it was still a nice gift. “Oh, of course. You always bring me such interesting things, Don. Perhaps you're trying to recruit me into some Fixer drive.”

“Nay! ‘Tis not a mere trifle of duty, nor a whim of mine admiration for Fixers!” Her voice wavered slightly. “This day is most sacred—a day of affection! And I, Don Quixote, have ventured forth to declare mine own!”

You hummed, crossing your arms. “Oh, so you’re saying this is special?”

“Aye! A grand confession of unwavering devotion!” she proclaimed, her voice rising in desperation. “Thou art most precious to me, mine dearest comrade! ‘Tis thee whom I treasure beyond all riches of this world!”

You let the silence stretch just long enough for Don to begin shifting nervously. Then, with a sly grin, you leaned forward. Perhaps you could tease her a little more for it.

“So you’re saying you like me?”

“G-Gods above! Is it not abundantly clear?!” She was practically glowing red now, gripping her lance as if it alone would keep her upright. “Doth mine words fail to capture the magnitude of mine ardor?”

You chuckled, finally relenting. “I get it, Don. I was just messing with

you.”

Her lips parted slightly in annoyance before her expression contorted into an exaggerated pout. “Thou art most cruel! To toy with mine heart in such a manner—‘tis most unjust!”

You reached out, gently plucking one of the flowers from the bouquet she had so earnestly presented. Twirling it between your fingers, you met her gaze with a softer smile.

“I think it’s really sweet, Don. Thank you.”

Her entire body tensed as if struck, then deflated all at once into a dazed, giddy state. “Then thou truly are accepting mine affections?”

“I do.” You placed the flower behind her ear. “I’d be honored to have Don Quixote, the greatest Fixer in the City, as my Valentine.”

If she had been dramatic before, it was nothing compared to now. She gasped, clutching her hands over her chest like a heroine in a play. “Oh, wondrous fate! Mine heart soareth upon gossamer wings! Justice and love doth prevail once more!”

You laughed as she twirled in place, fists clenched in triumphant joy. The sheer earnestness of her emotions was impossible not to be charmed by.

“So, what now, oh gallant knight?” you asked, crossing your arms.

Don Quixote straightened immediately. “Now? Now we embark upon a most noble quest! A feast must be had! Revelry to commemorate this most joyous of unions!”

You shook your head fondly. “Sounds like a plan.”

With that, she extended a hand, waiting for you to take it. And when you did, her fingers curled tightly around yours, a radiant smile stretched across her face.

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Don Quixote practically dragged you along, her excitement overflowing as she proclaimed, “Onward, mine dearest! To the grandest banquet this city hath ever seen!”

You barely had time to grab your coat before she whisked you away, leading you through the winding corridors of Mephistopheles and out into the streets. The city’s usual dreary hum seemed a little less harsh tonight, dulled by the warmth of Don’s hand in yours.

“So, where exactly are we going?” you asked, watching her scan the streets as if searching for hidden treasure.

“A most pressing query!” she declared, tapping her chin with exaggerated thoughtfulness. “One mustn’t simply partake in any mundane meal on such an illustrious occasion! Nay, only the finest cuisine shall suffice!”

You quirked an eyebrow. “So do you actually have a place in mind, or are we just wandering until something catches your eye?”

Don clicked her tongue, scandalized. “How little faith thou hast in thy noble knight! I assure thee, I have prepared most thoroughly for this eve!”

And yet, you couldn’t help but notice the way she subtly scanned each restaurant sign you passed, her grip on your hand tightening whenever a particularly enticing smell wafted through the air.

You smirked. “You have no idea where we’re going, do you?”

Her shoulders stiffened. “T-Truly, thou dost wound me! I have merely left room for spontaneity! ‘Tis the mark of a true adventurer to embrace the unknown!”

You snorted. “So we’re winging it.”

Before she could sputter out a retort, her gaze locked onto something ahead. With a dramatic flourish, she pointed. “Behold! A most worthy establishment fit for two gallant warriors!”

Following her gaze, you found yourself staring at a bustling food stall, the air thick with the scent of sizzling skewers and steaming noodles. It was far from the “grand banquet” she had initially envisioned, but Don was already marching forward with unshakable resolve.

She turned to you with a glimmer of excitement. “Come, mine fair maiden! Let us dine as the people of the streets do, reveling in the simplicity of fine flavor and camaraderie!”

You chuckled. “Alright, alright. But you’re paying.”

Don Quixote froze. “Ah… verily, about that…”

“You didn’t bring money, did you?”

Her eyes darted away. “A knight’s worth is measured not in coin, but in honor! And yet, I fear the proprietors of this establishment do not accept valor as legal tender…”

You sighed, already reaching for your wallet. “Unbelievable.”

“Truly, thou art the most benevolent of souls! I shall repay thee tenfold with unwavering loyalty!” she vowed, puffing out her chest.

“I think I’d prefer actual money,” you muttered, but you couldn’t help the fond smile creeping onto your lips.

Moments later, you both sat perched on stools, warm bowls of noodles in hand. Don Quixote, despite her noble demeanor, wasted no time in slurping down her food with unrestrained enthusiasm.

“By the heavens, this is divine!” she proclaimed between bites. “A feast fit for kings and heroes alike!”

You laughed, watching as she beamed at you over her bowl. It was simple, it was chaotic, but it was perfect in its own way.

And as Don Quixote rattled on about the next part of your “date”—something about proving your love through a series of daring challenges.

But with the way she looked at you, eyes shining with unfiltered joy, you wouldn’t have it any other way.

As Don Quixote set down her empty bowl with a satisfied sigh, she turned to you with an expression of renewed determination. “Now we embark upon the second trial of this most hallowed eve!”

You raised an eyebrow, wiping your mouth with a napkin. “Second trial?”

“Verily! A date of such import must not be confined to but a single test of our mettle!” She stood, slamming a hand against her chest. “And thus, I have devised a series of heroic challenges to prove our love eternal!”

You let out a small chuckle. “You sure you’re not just making these up as we go?”

She gasped, clutching her heart. “Wouldst thou accuse me of deception? Of treachery most foul?”

“I mean, yeah, kinda.”

Don pouted, before huffing and crossing her arms. “Hmph! Doubt me if thou must, but thou shalt see! The next challenge is one of skill, reflex, and unwavering will! Onward, my squire, to the arcade!”

You blinked. “The arcade?”

But before you could protest, she had already seized your hand and begun pulling you through the streets once more.

The arcade was a blinding mass of flashing lights and electronic jingles, a place teeming with activity as people crowded around game cabinets and prize machines. Don Quixote, however, looked upon the scene as if it were a battlefield awaiting conquest.

She turned to you, eyes glimmering with excitement. “Behold! A proving ground where only the worthiest emerge victorious!”

You smirked. “So, what’s the challenge? Who can rack up the highest score?”

“Nay,” she declared, dramatically sweeping her cape. “We shall claim the grandest prize in this hall, proving that our love is most true!”

Your gaze shifted toward the row of claw machines, each filled with plushies of various Fixers, animals, and other collectibles. Understanding dawned upon you. “You want to win a plushie.”

Don nodded sagely. “Nay! For 'tis not merely a plush effigy of any common Fixer! But lo, of the most resplendent, the most peerless of Colors—The Red Mist herself!”

You chuckled, slipping a few tokens into her hands. “Alright, then.

Show me your valiant prowess."

She nodded solemnly before stepping up to the claw machine, rolling her shoulders as if preparing for a fight. "Fear not, for I shall claim this prize in a single attempt!"

You leaned against the machine, arms crossed. "You do realize these things are rigged, right?"

"Ha! No mere trickery shall best me!" She cracked her knuckles before gripping the joystick again.

You watched as she carefully positioned the claw over the Red Mist plushie again, her tongue sticking out slightly in concentration. With a quick motion she slammed the button—

Only for the claw to weakly graze the plushie before dropping it back into the pile.

Don Quixote stared. "…'Tis but a mere setback."

You stifled a laugh. "Right."

Another attempt. Another failure. Then another. And another.

After the fifth attempt, Don slowly turned to you, looking betrayed. "Truly, this contraption must be possessed by devils most cunning!"

You finally let out a full laugh, shaking your head. "Alright, let me try."

She stepped aside, arms crossed as you took the controls. Carefully, you positioned the claw, waiting for the right moment before pressing the button with a light touch. The claw descended, grasping the plushie securely—

And actually lifted it.

Both of you held your breath as the claw carried the plush toward the prize chute, teetering slightly but miraculously holding firm. With a soft thunk, the plush dropped into the bin below.

Don gasped, seizing the plush in both hands as if it were a holy relic. "By the heavens! Mine beloved, thou art truly gifted beyond measure!"

You smirked. "I guess I just have the touch."

She held the plush close, looking at you with stars in her eyes. “It shall serve as a reminder of our legendary feat! Henceforth, this brave soul shall accompany us in our travels!”

She cradled the plush like a treasured artifact, before suddenly looking at you with newfound excitement. “And now, for the final trial!”

You groaned playfully. “There’s more?”

“But of course!” She grabbed your hand once more, leading you toward the exit. “Come! For what better way to end a most splendid night than beneath the vast and endless sky?”

A short while later, you found yourself standing atop a rooftop, the city sprawling beneath you in a sea lightsl. The air was crisp, the distant chatter of voices barely audible in the background.

Don Quixote stood at the edge, gazing out at the skyline with a look of pure wonder. “Magnificent, is it not?”

You stepped beside her, nodding. “Yeah. It’s a pretty good view.”

She turned to you, suddenly quiet. “I… I must confess,” she murmured, gripping the plush tightly. “I feared, for but a moment, that mine affections may have been unwelcome. That I, in mine enthusiasm, would bring thee nothing but folly.”

You blinked, caught off guard by the sudden shift in her tone. “Don, I __”

But before you could finish, she placed a hand over her chest, taking a deep breath. “Yet, thou hast accompanied me on this quest most grand, and I—” Her voice caught slightly before she swallowed and continued. “I am grateful beyond words.”

For all her bravado, there was something undeniably earnest in her gaze.

You smiled. “Well, I had fun. And I like spending time with you, too.”

Her eyes widened slightly, before she beamed, face flushed with unrestrained joy.

“Then!” she declared, her confidence returning full force. “As the final act of this most wondrous eve, I shall now bestow upon thee the

grandest reward a knight can offer!”

You barely had time to react before she pressed a soft, chaste kiss to your cheek, pulling away just as quickly with a grin so wide it nearly split her face.

She hopped back, pointing at you triumphantly. “Thus concludes our trials! Thou hast proven thy worth beyond question, and I—" She placed a dramatic hand over her heart. "Shall remain forever devoted to thee!”

You let out a laugh, shaking your head. “You really are something else, Don.”

“Indeed!” She puffed her chest. “And thou art stuck with me now, thou would do best to enjoy it in earnest!”

You rolled your eyes fondly. “Yeah. I think I’m okay with that.”

And with that, Don Quixote let out a triumphant cheer, arms raised high as the city lights sparkled behind her—an image of pure, unfiltered joy.

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After a long and eventful night, the two of you finally made your way back to Mephistopheles. The familiar hum of the bus welcomed you as you stepped inside, the interior dimly lit in the quiet of the late hour. Most of the other Sinners had retreated to their own quarters by now, leaving only the occasional creak of the vehicle as it idled.

Don Quixote, however, was still brimming with energy.

She practically skipped beside you, clutching the plushie you had won at the arcade. “A night of splendor and glory!” she declared, twirling on her heel. “Yet even the grandest of quests must reach its end…”

You smirked, stepping toward your room. “Yeah, yeah. It was fun, Don.”

“Ah! But before thou dost retreat to thine chambers—”

You barely had time to react before she grabbed your wrist, tugging you toward her own room with surprising strength.

“Don—”

“Nay! I shan’t permit thee to part from me so swiftly!” She turned down at the far end of the hall, pushing open her door and pulling you inside. The room was, unsurprisingly, as chaotic as she was—decorated with various Fixer memorabilia, story books, and a bed that was barely visible beneath a heap of plushies and blankets.

You sighed, crossing your arms. “Don, it’s late. What are you—”

She puffed up her cheeks. “I have yet to receive mine reward for such a splendid evening!”

You raised an eyebrow. “Didn’t you just say the grandest reward was that little kiss back there?”

She looked away, seemingly haven forgotten she said such a thing.. “A mere peck doth not suffice for a knight so devoted! Surely you would not deny me the affections I so rightfully deserve if I were to ask?”

You chuckled. “You’re really milking this, huh?”

She stepped forward, eyes glimmering mischievously. “Wouldst thou deny thine own knight her proper dues?”

Before you could answer, she lunged—not with hostility, but with exaggerated enthusiasm, arms flung open to ensnare you in an embrace. You barely dodged to the side, laughing as she nearly crashed into the bed.

“So be it!” she declared, whirling around to face you. “If thou dost not surrender willingly, then I shall claim mine prize by force!”

You shook your head with a grin. “Oh, so this is happening now?”

Don wasted no time, leaping at you once more. This time, you let her collide into you, though you made a show of trying to resist. She wrapped her arms around you tightly, nuzzling against your chest with an exaggerated sigh of contentment.

“Victory!” she cheered. “Now, bestow upon me a kiss, or I shall be forced to wrest it from thee in single combat!”

You scoffed playfully. “Oh, now we’re dueling for kisses?”

“Indeed!”

With a mischievous glint in her eye, she suddenly pushed against you, trying to topple you backward onto the bed. You countered, grabbing her wrists and playfully resisting, but Don Quixote was relentless. She twisted, trying to trip you up, her laughter ringing through the room as she made an absolute show of it.

It was impossible not to get caught up in her energy, and after a brief but amusing struggle, you let her win. She managed to push you back onto the bed, straddling you triumphantly, hands on her hips.

“Ha! The battle is won!” she declared. “Now, mine dearest squire, dost thou yield?”

You rolled your eyes but smiled. “Alright, alright. I yield.”

She beamed. “Then—” She leaned down, eyes half-lidded with anticipation.

You sighed dramatically before reaching up, gently cupping her face and placing a soft kiss against her forehead.

She practically melted at the gesture, sighing dreamily as she flopped down beside you. “Ah… verily, this must be bliss itself.”

You shook your head with a small laugh. “You really are something else, Don.”

“And yet, thou hast chosen to remain at mine side,” she murmured, snuggling closer. “So what doth that say of thee?”

You hummed, wrapping an arm around her in return. “…I guess it says I don’t mind putting up with you.”

She giggled, clinging tighter. “Then thou art trapped, forevermore! I shall never release thee!”

You let out a content sigh, eyes growing heavy. “Yeah… I think I’m okay with that.”

Don Quixote hummed contentedly, pressing herself against your side as she burrowed into the blankets. Her warmth was infectious, the weight of her presence grounding. You adjusted slightly, and she let out a small, pleased sigh, rubbing her cheek against your belly like a

cat getting comfortable.

“Truly, ‘tis the most wondrous of victories,” she murmured, voice softer now, lacking its usual bombastic edge. “Not a duel of steel and wits, but of affections most pure.”

You chuckled, shifting to pull the blankets over both of you. “Didn’t realize I was fighting in the first place.”

“Ah, but thou wert,” she teased, tilting her head to look at you with bright, shining eyes. “And yet, despite thine efforts, thou didst succumb to mine charms, as was inevitable.”

You smirked. “I think you cheated.”

“Cheated? Nay, ‘twas but the natural course of fate! For a knight to be doted upon by their beloved is only just!”

You sighed, feigning exasperation. “So, what now? Gonna demand more rewards?”

She gasped dramatically. “Wouldst thou deny me?”

Before you could respond, she suddenly shifted, draping herself fully over you. Her weight was light but warm, and the way she curled against you sent a pleasant shiver down your spine. You let out a small breath as she looped her arms around your neck, her face inches from yours.

“Ah… verily, I desire more.” Her voice was softer, but there was a playfulness there, a testing of boundaries as she tilted her head, her nose brushing yours.

You swallowed slightly, her proximity making your pulse quicken. “And what exactly do you want?”

Her fingers toyed with the fabric of your shirt, her gaze flickering between your eyes and your lips. “More kisses,” she admitted, voice barely above a whisper. “As many as thou art willing to bestow.”

You exhaled a quiet laugh. “Greedy.”

“Is it greed to desire what is freely given?”

She didn’t wait for an answer before leaning in, pressing a soft kiss to your cheek, then another, trailing closer to the corner of your lips. The warmth of her breath fanned against your skin, and despite yourself,

you found your arms wrapping around her waist, pulling her closer.

Her giggle was quiet, breathy. “Ah, thou dost not resist. Then I shall claim another…”

She tilted her head slightly, brushing her lips against yours in a brief, featherlight kiss—tentative, almost hesitant. A question.

You answered by closing the gap, pressing into her fully this time. She let out a surprised hum before melting against you, her fingers slowly finding their way under your shirt. The softness of her lips, the heat between you, the way she curled closer—it was intoxicating in a way you hadn’t expected.

When you finally pulled back, she stared at you, wide-eyed, lips parted slightly as if she couldn’t quite believe you had reciprocated so completely. Then, a slow, beaming smile spread across her face, a giddy laugh bubbling up from her chest.

“Truly, thou art the most wondrous of all treasures.”

You huffed a laugh, running a hand up her back. “If I didn’t know better, I’d say you planned all of this.”

She tilted her head mischievously. “And if I did?”

You exhaled through your nose, shaking your head before pulling her into another kiss—this time deeper, lingering. She sighed against you, pressing herself impossibly closer, fingers dancing at the nape of your neck. The warmth between you grew, the air thicker.

When you finally parted for breath, her forehead rested against yours, her fingers tracing lazy circles on your skin. “Mine heart beats most fervently,” she murmured, a dreamy sigh escaping her.

You smirked. “I can feel it.”

“Ah, mine beloved, dost thou yield thyself to me so readily?” she purred, a teasing lilt to her voice as she traced idle patterns over your chest.

You smirked, relaxing beneath her. “Maybe I just want to see what you’ll do with that victory of yours.”

She smiled, clearly delighted by your response, her fingers pressing firmer against you. “Then thou art wise indeed! For I shall claim thee

in full, as is my sacred right!"

Her grin widened as she leaned down, pressing another kiss to your lips, this one lingering, carrying the weight of her excitement. She deepened it with surprising boldness, tilting her head just so, her hands bracing against you as if she were ensuring you couldn't escape —not that you had any intention of doing so.

She pulled back just enough to meet your gaze, her breath warm against your lips. "Ah, thou dost accept mine affections most graciously yet I sense within thee a desire unspoken."

You raised an eyebrow. "Oh? And what's that?"

She smirked, tilting her head in playful challenge. "Why, the desire to be conquered, of course."

You blinked, a slow chuckle escaping you. "Conquered, huh?"

"Aye! Fear not, for I shall wield my affections as both shield and sword!"

Before you could retort, she took action, kissing you again, her fingers slowly trailing deeper beneath your shirt as she pressed closer. There was no hesitation in the way she moved, no second-guessing—only pure, unshaken confidence, as if she truly believed this was her noble duty, her rightful place. And perhaps, in some way, it was.

You let her have her way, letting her dictate the pace, enjoying the sheer enthusiasm in every kiss, every eager caress of her fingers. She was a whirlwind, passionate and unrelenting, but never overwhelming. Even in her dominance, there was an undeniable affection, a warmth that made surrendering to her feel like the most natural thing in the world.

She pulled back just slightly, her gaze half-lidded, triumphant. "Dost thou see now? Resistance is naught but folly."

You exhaled a laugh, resting a hand on her waist. "Guess I'll just have to accept my fate, then."

Her grin softened, her touch becoming gentler as she leaned down once more, pressing her forehead to yours. "Worry not, mine heart, for it is a fate most sweet."

With that, she kissed you again, and you let yourself fall completely.

Wrapped tightly in the arms of your knight.

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End Notes

WAHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOIE

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!